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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

HALCYON DAYS.

Opals blush in the blossoming trees,
Rare jewels shine on high;
Diamonds and pearls flash in the breeze—
The halcyon days draw nigh.

The minstrel bands are coming home
From palms and Southern sky,
Their plumage bathe in Heaven's blue—
The halcyon days draw nigh.

The halcyon days draw nigh.

Last night I heard the rush of wings,
Above—a gladness cry;
The morn a glad orchestra brings
The halcyon days draw nigh.

The swallow trills beneath the eaves,
Makes circles great and high
And rears his castle 'mid the leaves—
The halcyon days draw nigh.

In the sweet dell, where fairies dream,
Where shade and shadows fly,
The black bass builds 'neath silver stream—
The halcyon days draw nigh.

O'er hill and dale the Muses sing,
The bright day floods the sky,
The gentle showers their tribute bring—
The halcyon days draw nigh.

Mystic power broods o'er fields and flowers,
'Tis blooming time of the year.
Rejoice, ye sunshine hours—
The halcyon day are here.

Though now may crown the weary head,
Springtime is ever high.
A gracious hand hath ever led
To halcyon days on high.

—EDWARD HIGGINS.

BEATING THE TRINITY.

"Send Sidney Baxter in!" The chief called the order to his head clerk, who immediately hurried into the next room and beckoned to Sidney where he sat cleaning a typewriter. The boy came out of his chair as if he had had a steel spring under him, and in a flash was standing in front of the chief's desk.

"Didn't you tell me you had a first-rate saddle mare?" the chief demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"I have to send an important package to Weaverville and I have it delivered by messenger. Can you make take you there?"

"Yes, sir."

The chief leaned forward. "But can she take you there in time to deliver this package before six o'clock to-night?"

"She can," Sidney answered unhesitatingly.

"Very well. Start as quick as you can. If you get the package there on time, there will be something extra for you and the mare that will please you mighty."

Sidney took the package, put it into his inside waistcoat pocket and secured it with two stout safety pins. Then, hurrying from the office, he ran up the street toward home.

From Redding to Weaverville in a straight line is thirty miles, but by way of the mountain trails it is forty, and already it was after ten o'clock. He did not worry over the time, however, for the chunky brown mare had speed, courage and staying qualities. Those powerful quarters had strength to lift him up the grades and to make good speed in doing it.

While Sidney was throwing on the saddle and adjusting the bridle, Gypsy took playful nips at his arm, and made little crooning sounds as she would have done to her colt. No more perfect understanding ever existed between rider and mount. Sidney's father had given him the mare on his sixteenth birthday, two years before.

As he rode past the house, his mother, who had hailed him from the piazza as he was running to the stable, came out on the steps and handed him a package.

"Here are some sandwiches, Sidney. You may get hungry before you reach Weaverville. Be careful when you ford the Trinity."

"I'll have to be. I have too much important stuff on me to be careless. It's the check and papers to close the deal with Cooper & Hanson for the pinelands. The package has to be in Weaverville by six or the deal is off, and Doane & Co. will get the land. So I have to get there."

Gypsy went out of the driveway at a smooth, easy lope that ate up the ground like wolf's trot. She had done barely enough of late to keep her in good trim, and now

Sidney had to hold her in. Mile after mile she reeled off at the same gait, never changing her stride or the time of her hoof beats until the ascending grade began to get steep. Then she changed to a fast walk that carried her along rapidly.

Taking advantage of every cut-off, even if it were no more than a game trail, they kept up the rapid pace until they passed over the creek at Stella, swung west through a pass and then northwest to hit the Trinity southeast of Lewiston. Sidney was taking the most direct road; rough going for those not bred to it, but he had lived all his life in the mountains, and so had the mare.

At last they sighted the tumbling, foamy water of the Trinity, and Sidney drew in his breath sharply. By the marks on the rocks and trees he knew that the water had risen far above its normal level; it was lapping against a tree that in ordinary times stood far above the current. He drew rein at the brink.

"Looks tough, Gyp. Think you can make it? By the way you work your ears and paw, you're a little leery of it yourself. Can't help it, Gyp. In you go, and for the love of alfalfa don't get your legs crossed. Steady!"

Little waves leaped and danced along the channel, and Sidney could hear the sound of grinding down below. The bottom of the channel was moving downstream, as it often did, in high water, and it was complaining as it went. The mare blew strongly, with a fluttering of her nostrils, and her sides heaved with excitement. She looked up the river and down, but she did not hesitate.

Deeper and deeper she strode into the flood, and it banked against her shoulder. As she went in farther she leaned more and more against the swift current, and Sidney put his whole weight on the upriver, stirring. Always the undertone of grunting sounded in his ears, more plainly. Gypsy felt her way with careful feet, reaching out to feel the bottom before she set her hoof down.

But the rolling boulders tricked her. She felt for a step; a boulder rolled under her leg; she tried to lift her hoof clear of it, stumbled, and half reared to regain her balance. At that instant the current caught her under the shoulder, and she rolled over. It seemed an aged to Sidney before she rolled clear of him, but it was only a few seconds. The current caught him and flung him to one side so violently that he lost his hold on Gypsy's rein. His body stuck moving stones; his head was drawn to the bottom, and his legs were thrust up toward the surface. Then the water whirled him end over end, rolled him like a log, and lifted with all his strength to get them past the centre of the island, where he could anchor them against the branches of the largest willow, now nearly submerged. Towing and lifting, slipping and struggling, he worked it across until it lodged against the green branches. Immediately the current caught the top of the cottonwood and swept it round still farther until the bushy top snapped and cracked along the brush and the rocks on the farther shore. Finally, with a bump, it lodged against an alder, and the bridge was complete.

He was out of the flood at last. But his feeling of thankfulness quickly vanished, for when he looked round, he saw that he was marooned on a tiny island, less than fifty feet long and not more than a foot above the water. Small willows grew thickly over its entire surface. He saw Gypsy drag herself out of the river several hundred yards farther downstream on the side toward Weaverville and walk back opposite him. That bank was only fifty feet away, but the water between them was shoulder-deep and running like a mill-race. No man could pass that current by swimming.

Gypsy began to eat grass and leaves, but now and then she lifted her head and sent a call ringing across the narrow stream to the master she loved. As for him, he was sitting on a rock, getting his breath back after his long submersion and trying to devise some way of crossing the rest of the river. From his perch he had a good view off to the distant head of the canon; up there the clouds were still whirling and dropping their load of water.

"So that's the matter," he said to himself. "A cloudburst up above. The water will go higher

before it gets lower; pretty quick I'll be in a still worse fix."

For some time Sidney sat and studied his situation. When he rose at last, he noticed that the top of a sharp rock that, when he got out of the flood was an inch or two above the water, was now submerged. He put a small rock into the water so that one end of it was an inch above the surface and watched the water creep up and cover it. A rapid mental calculation brought him to the conclusion that at the rate at which the flood was rising it would overflow the island in less than two hours. He pulled out his watch and looked at the place where the hands had stopped when the case filled with water. According to that he had taken his plunge at just seventeen minutes past three.

Gypsy haled him with a loud whinny and an inquisitive nose, but Sidney got his leg over the saddle as quickly as he could. He did not know how late it was, and he felt that he must hurry to get the packet delivered. He had only five miles to ride, and Gypsy, uninjured by her struggle in the water, made quick work of that.

The man at the desk in Cooper & Hanson's office stared when he saw a boy of eighteen rush in, pull off his coat and waistcoat and begin to take out safety pins from the waistcoat lining. Sidney had a soggy packet on the desk.

"What on earth is that?" the man asked.

"The check and other papers to close the deal for those pinelands for my boss, George P. Caswell of Redding."

"But how did it get so wet?"

When he heard how the packet had crossed the Trinity, the man got up out of his chair and slapped Sidney on the back.

"You forded that river after a cloudburst!" he cried. "I wouldn't do it for the best ranch in California."

"Mr. Caswell said the packet had to be delivered here before six, and there was no time to go round by way of a bridge. Am I in time?"

"You are," declared the man heartily, "with twenty-two minutes to spare. I'm going to have a good time getting the papers pulled apart without tearing them. I think we'll send Caswell word that he can give us duplicates any time in the next week, and the deal will hold. Now, get you run up to my house and get into one of my suits while your clothes dry." —*Youth's Companion.*

and again he raised himself up at full arm's length to get his face above the water, although the danger of his losing his grip in that position was great.

When he was well past the middle he found that his head remained above the water; he no longer had to fight for air. It was such a relief that he stopped and hung there for a moment in order to draw several deep breaths. Then he crept onward until his shoulder hit a rock; letting his feet down, he found that he could stand upright in water only hip-deep.

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Mr. T. C. Mueller, of Los Angeles, is in this part of the State for a while, and he has just sent in quite a column of news items about us. We hope he will continue to write about us and give us some of the big advertising and wide publicity that only those Los Angeles folks know how to give. (Which reminds me of the enclosed clipping from *The Forward*, which might be of interest to Mrs. Barrett, "Orange Blossom," Mr. Mueller himself, and others.)

How can I insult man who lives in Los Angeles?

Send him a pair of ear muffs. But wouldn't that be rather crude? Possibly. Try sending him a schedule of east-bound trains.

But why "Southern" California, we wonder, and as we sit and deeply ponder over the matter, three questions present themselves:

1. Could it be that this gentleman from the South is up here in the interests of certain measures now before the Legislature—Assembly Bills Nos. 1083, 1084 and 1093, and Senate Bills No. 729, 730 and 832—being sponsored by Senator Lyon and others of Los Angeles, bills which, in the guise of public welfare measures, propose to amend the State Constitution so that a municipality may acquire, by condemnation, water or power facilities already developed to the service of other municipalities or territories? We'll say here that while we have a profound respect for Los Angeles and rejoice in her growth and prosperity, we wish it distinctly understood that we do not intend to suffer the usual fate of the innocent bystander by allowing ourselves to be drawn into any of those famous controversies between the city of Los Angeles and private interests. And furthermore, we, one and all, are against those bills, for in them we cannot but see an indirect threat involving us, whereby Los Angeles is seeking to despoil our own

San Joaquin Valley as she did Owens Valley.

2. Or has he simply forgotten to locate us on the State map, just where we belong—in about the heart of California and about midway between Los Angeles and her sister city on the north, San Francisco—a position which affords us the right to be as neutral as we like in the competition and rivalry, friendly or otherwise, between these two cities, a neutrality we strive strictly to maintain?

3. Or could it be that our visitor is finding himself so much at home in these parts that he forgets that this is not Southern California? If this is the case, we appreciate the compliment very much, and only wish to call his attention to the oversight.

(No, the C. A. D. Board of Directors may rest easy, for this is no attempt on our part to emulate a certain group of Southerners down in North Carolina—but we do mind having Southern California take all the publicity that rightly belongs to Central California and our own San Joaquin Valley!)

But, all jesting aside, we really wish we had some of those Southerners and Northerners among us more often. We are right in the path of tourist travel up and down the State—why don't we take advantage of that some way?

Not in the usual commercial way, but rather in an educational, as well as social, sense. For instance, many prominent deaf men and women pass this way, and we might arrange to detain some of these once in a while for lectures or talks, and thus provide opportunities for ourselves to "imbibe" for our own benefit, some of that urban culture and advancement that is continually passing through our midst, like "ships that pass in the night." For the most part, we are a rural folk, living more or less widely scattered and isolated; and there is no great stimulus to the acquiring of those higher, better things of life which make life itself so much more worthwhile. Establish an organized center of some kind, yes, but where?

Fresno? Or Visalia?

Frankly, I think Visalia has the advantage over my own Fresno, in the way of large territory and the greater number of potential leaders. Those church services for the deaf, that have been held in Fresno for the past year under the leadership of Mr. Sherman, are now being held in Visalia also, and since this branching out, the interest in these seems to have gained considerably, and this might later on prove to be the nucleus of the much desired "center."

And then, perhaps, some day we'll be able to invite the C. A. D. to come to Visalia for once in its life!

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Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1927

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions, and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

National Association of the Deaf

Organized, August 25, 1880.

Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

An Organization for the Welfare of All the Deaf.

PRESIDENT
A. L. ROBERTS

358 East 59th Street, Chicago, Ill.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT
MARCUS L. KENNER

200 West 111th Street, New York City.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT
C. BELLE ROGERS

School for the Deaf, Cedar Spring, S. C.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER
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OFFICIAL

DUES PAYABLE

It was voted at the Washington Convention to change the date of the fiscal year of the Association from June 1st to May 1st. The Convention also took cognizance of the fact that the 60 cents dues did not serve to meet the expenses of the Association and voted to raise the dues of annual members from 50 cents to \$1.00.

All annual members are hereby notified that the dues of \$1.00 for the fiscal year beginning May 1, 1927, and ending April 30, 1928, will be payable on May 1st. Please assist the Secretary-Treasurer in the work of collecting dues by sending in yours without waiting to be notified by card. Send all dues to F. A. Moore, School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

GOAL—\$15,000

Encouraged by its success in reaching the \$10,000 goal at the Washington Convention, the Association has decided to strive for the \$15,000 mark in its endowment fund before the 1929 convention.

Come on, members. Become a "Lifer." The fact that the annual dues have been raised to \$1.00 should induce you to do so. Why pay \$1.00 every year? Why not pay \$10.00 at one time and be done with all worry and inconvenience for life?

Help the Association reach the goal.

DATE AND PLACE OF CONVENTION
UNDECIDED

The date and place of the next triennial convention of the Association have not as yet been chosen. We, therefore, are unable to answer the many inquiries for information on this matter. However, we hope to do so shortly.

Those cities desiring to entertain the N. A. D. in the summer of 1929 should hasten to send their invitations to President Roberts at 358 East 59th Street, Chicago, Ill.

DE L'EPEE MEMORIAL STATUE COMMITTEE
Report No. 49

Reported, Dec. 14, 1926 \$7,288 48
Net income from investments 597 54
Contributions 18 00

Total Fund \$7,904 02

CONTRIBUTIONS

OHIO 25

Harry Hartard 50

J. B. Showalter 1 00

K. F. O'Brien 23

Kathy Kriesworth 23

M. J. Kraneski 50

Alex Goldfogel 1 00

T. J. Cosgrave 28

P. C. Brown 5 00

Sol. D. Weil 25

Jessie Jerage 1 00

Eleanor E. Sherman 2 00

Mr. and Mrs. A. Pfeiffer 2 00

PENNSYLVANIA

E. C. Ritchie 1 00

H. F. Sommer 1 00

H. H. Weaver 1 00

Elmer L. Eby 1 00

PHILADELPHIA

News items for this column should be sent to James Reider, 1538 North Dever Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Easter Day was, as usual the banner day of the year at All Souls' Church for the Deaf, in point of attendance and the character of the service. The total attendance throughout the day was a little in excess of 200 by actual count. Among the number was the usual quota of visiting deaf from distant places. The pastor, Rev. Warren M. Smaltz, divided his time between hearing and deaf congregations on this great feast day. He assisted in administering Holy Communion at the Church of the Resurrection (near by) at three services in succession 6:00 A.M. and 7:30 A.M. and 10:30 A.M.; held a public baptism of infants at All Souls' from 1:00 to 2:30 P.M., conducted the regular service at All Souls' Church with a celebration of the Holy Communion and a sermon on the significance of the day.

At this service, Rev. Mr. Smaltz began the innovation of combining with the Easter service "a memorial of departed saints," of both deaf and hearing friends or relatives of the deaf, who were represented by floral memorials and announced by name by the pastor. A long list of names was read, followed by a prayer. It is Rev. Mr. Smaltz's intention to continue this practice in the future. The practice is not only a beautiful one, but it also has the effect of enhancing the memorial idea at a time when the attendance at church is greatest. And, needless to say, another result is the securing at less expense of a larger and better floral display on this great church day, as was witnessed.

The following baptisms were made by the pastor prior to the main service:

William Albert McIntyre, Jr., son of W. A. and Edna Bensole (Purvis) McIntyre, of Wildwood, N.J.

Ruby Higbe Long, daughter of Lewis W. F. and Edna Coleman (Snell) Long, of Philadelphia.

Edward Carter, Jr., and Thaddeus Teddy Crerar, sons of Mr. Edward and Laura Elizabeth Isabella Carter, of Chester, Pa.

Joseph Price Gaertne, son of Thomas C. and Mary E. (Price) Gaertne, of Lansdale, Pa.

The sponsors at the baptisms were all hearing people, except in the case of Baby Gaertne, whose god-parents were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fowle.

The offerings on Easter were large as they usually are at this service and as previously announced will be added to the Coal Fund which now amounts in over \$500.00.

Rev. Mr. Smaltz's record for this Easter Day is communicating over 650 people including both deaf and hearing, which is something to be proud of and we congratulate him upon it.

Appreciating that a large number of persons attending the Easter service at All Souls' would find it inconvenient or impossible to get home in time for supper, the ladies of the church provided a cafeteria supper at a popular price and in this way nearly fifty dollars were added to the Coal Fund.

The Parish House was allowed to remain open in the evening for those who desired social fellowship and it was about 10:30 P.M. when the last person departed.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Yaffey are to be congratulated upon the arrival of a babygirl on April 12th.

A party of Trenton, N.J., deaf folks, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beneson, Mrs. Josephine Stephenson and Mr. Sam Gaston, motored to Philadelphia on Saturday afternoon and took in the entertainment at All Souls' Parish House. They returned home the same evening.

Daylight time is with us again. It began early on Sunday morning, 24th, and is to stay till the last Sunday in September, whether you like it or not.

Miss Elizabeth H. Rigg, accompanied by a young hearing friend, Miss Reed, spent Easter Day visiting friends in Philadelphia. They stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Reider.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Otto, of Altona, Pa., were Easter visitors here, stopping with the Warrington family. Mr. Otto had to return home last Friday and his wife left for home today, Sunday.

The Hebrew deaf had no meeting last Sunday, 17th. They were invited in a body to Seder services and then a dinner at Caterer Maynor's establishment, 1620 N. Broad Street.

There will be a Vaudeville Entertainment by the Delta Chapter, Kappa Gamma Fraternity of Gallaudet College, on the evening of April 30th, in All Souls' Parish House, at about 8:00 P.M. Proceeds will be for the Home at Torrressdale. You and your friends are respectfully urged to attend. Admission is only 35 cents.

President Smielau, who has removed to Ohio, expects to attend both the meeting of the Board and the entertainment. His presence

will be in the nature of a farewell visit. Every effort will be made to make the occasion an interesting one. It is suggested that you earnestly endeavor to be present.

THE KENTUCKY HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF.

The deaf of Kentucky, at their last Reunion, held at Danville, September 2d to 4th, 1926, decided to begin the collection of a fund to establish a Home for the deaf of the State, who by reason of sickness or old age are unable to earn a living for themselves, and have no one to whom they can turn for help. Thanks to the training received in their schools, the deaf can do make their own way in life as long as health and strength are theirs. But strength fails with the coming of old age, and sometimes sickness renders people helpless. If they have no money saved or have no one to help them, their lot is a sad one. Loneliness, neglect, and misery are their portion.

The plan of the Kentucky Association of the Deaf is to raise enough money to establish a Home for these people, where they will be surrounded by those who understand and sympathize with them, and where they will be kindly cared for in their old age.

It may take a long time to raise the money, and hard work and self-denial will be required, but if the deaf will have patience and courage, and will work together loyally, the Home will come, sooner or later.

The deaf of several States have already established and are supporting such homes. There is one in New York, one in Pennsylvania, one in Ohio and one in Illinois, all of which have proved a blessing to the old people sheltered in them. The deaf of Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota and perhaps of other States, are raising money for the same purpose. It is a work worthy of the best efforts of the deaf of Kentucky, and now that a start has been made, it is up to them to work loyally and give generously until success is obtained.

The drive for funds will begin April 11th. There is inspiration in the date, for it marks the 104th birthday of the Kentucky School for the Deaf. It was a red-letter day for the deaf of this State when the school opened its doors and the blessed opportunity to obtain an education was first offered to them. Let us celebrate it worthily by starting a good work in our turn—"freely ye have received, freely give."

Every deaf person who ever attended the Kentucky School for the Deaf is invited to send a contribution to the fund for the proposed Home. Send the money on or before April 11th. Give as much as you can afford, and work to induce others to give also. Do not be one of the knockers who stand around saying "It can't be done"—that is what the faint-hearted have been saying since the time of Adam. Boost, and boost hard.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mueller are in charge of the drive in Louisville and vicinity; Mr. Edgar McVaw Hay, of Covington, Cincinnati and the cities near by on the Kentucky side of the Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Broaddus, of Lexington and the surrounding blue-grass counties, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Reaker, of Cynthiana, of the section between the blue-grass region and Covington; Mr. and Mrs. George Barron, of Akron, have been asked to lead the Kentucky colony at Akron, Ohio. The scattered cases will be reached by circulars and letters from headquarters in Danville.

The deaf who live near one of the workers above can hand their contributions to the agent. Or, if it is more convenient, the money may be sent direct to G. M. McClure, Acting Treasurer, 304 South Fourth Street, Mark the contribution "For the Home Fund." All contributions will be acknowledged in *The Kentucky Standard*. To prevent misunderstandings, we will state that the Kentucky School for the Deaf is in no way connected with this drive. It is the Alumni Association of the School that is sponsoring the collection of the Fund.

Money talks; let yours talk for you. THE KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

Danville, Kentucky.

WHEELING, W. VA.

One of the most beautiful Easter days in years was observed appropriately last Sunday, April 17th. A sun that shone throughout the day and balmy Summer breezes encouraged nature to prove that Spring had fully awakened, and trees, flowers and shrubs united in giving truth to the symbolism of Easter death and resurrection. In St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church, where were lavishly displayed calla lilies and other blossoms and greenery that sent out their fragrance, a beautiful solemn service was conducted by John C. Bremer in the afternoon for St. Elizabeth's Deaf-Mute Mission.

There was a large congregation present. The service was shortened for the annual Sunday School Children's Festival.

J. C. B.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Schwartzman, of Montreal, gave a party in honor of their son, Davies' third birthday on Saturday, April 23d. Many relatives and friends were present and their son received many gifts.

Gallaudet College

April 10th, the Speech-Reading Club gave in Chapel Hall a playlet that was in very respect interesting and amusing—to those who could read lips, of course. The title of the play was "Aunt Virginia's Ear-Trumpet" with Ida Hanson, '29, in the stellar role. Aunt Virginia, pretending to be able to hear only with the aid of her trumpet, overhears all slighting remarks made about her age and deafness by her niece and her daughter, and makes a nephew, who is really fond of her, her sole beneficiary in her will.

SPRING VACATION

Wednesday, April 13th, was a day of teeming activity and poorly attended classes, for on this day the Kendall Greeners had to break up camp, which was accomplished in time for the students to catch the 8:45 train back to Washington, D.C.

As for the girls at Camp Kahler, they say they had a positively wonderful, supreme, rapturous and all kinds of superlative adjectives describing the time they had at camp. They went rowing, hiking, gossiped, screamed for dear life at the sight of little garter snakes, picked flowers and such. They had a two-story house all to themselves with regular beds for each. A fully-equipped kitchen must have been included in that paradise or the poor little co-eds would be totally lost without it.

Upon our return to Kendall Green from camp, we found to our surprise that that there was a scheduled game to be played the next day, Tuesday, April 19th. As we feared, the Kendall Greeners went out on the diamond, an utterly unprepared and out-of-practice aggregation, which easily went down in defeat at the hands of the smooth-working Lafayette nine, comprised of veritable bambinos and Bucky Harrises.

This 10-5 triumph was the fourth

Lafayette garnered in this district on their road-tour, the the three victories previously won being those with St. John's, of Annapolis, Maryland University and Georgetown University.

The majority of the students went camping, the men at Great Falls, Va., and the co-eds at the Y. W. C. A. Camp Kahler on the shores of Chesapeake Bay. A party, comprised of LeRoy Ridings, Louis Byouk, Otto Reins, Tommy Petersen, all Sophomores, Birney Wright, '27, and Charles McBride, '30, motored to Harper's Ferry in an Oldsmobile touring car belonging to the first three mentioned. They report a marvelous week at the scene of John Brown's depredations, of which jaunt there will appear in the May issue of the *Buff and Blue* an account by Thomas A. Petersen, Norman G. Scarvie, '27, and David Peikoff, '29, and two Preps, Don Diego and Coene, took a jaunt up North to New York mainly to visit the finely equipped printery at the New Jersey School which has made the publication of the *Silent Worker* possible.

Aside from a general shattering of the motor by a broken crank-shaft, the New Jersey trip was a success. Early Wednesday morning, the campers got rid of the "subtle glue between their eyelids," and sleepily divested their beds of blankets and rolled them up (the blankets, not the beds)—into huge bundles and shoved them through the windows to the road way below.

For some reason or other, the truck, which was to transport the colossal *impedimenta* consisting of "everything from sardines to vanilla," to quote a modern lamenting Jeremiah, from Kendall Green to Rosslyn, Va., did not show up at seven o'clock as was arranged but arrived at about ten o'clock.

"Tis a pity, indeed, that the dozen or so fellows who cut classes that morning to help load the truck and accompany it to Rosslyn should have to wait around with nothing to do, while ciphers were marked up on their recitation records.

Nevertheless, when the truck finally rolled in, the goods were quickly piled up a mile high on the truck and, with the intrepid dozen comprising the advance guard, perched atop of this moving mountain, lumbered off. The game was ended after the eighth inning to allow the Lafayette men catch a train.

GALLAUDET	AB	H	O	A
Dyer, s.s.	3	0	2	1
Krug, 1b.	4	1	3	0
Scarvie, 1f.	3	1	5	
Hokan's, p., r.f.	4	2	0	1
Wright, c.f.	4	0	0	
Rose, c.	4	0	10	0
Roberts, r.f., p.	4	2	1	
Zieski, 3b.	4	2	1	1
Cosgrove, 2b.	3	0	2	1
Total	33	8	24	7

LAFAYETTE	AB	H	O	A
Koch, s.s.	6	2	2	2
Bell, 1b.	6	2	10	0
Grube, c.	5	2	7	
Thompson, c.f.	6	1	3	0
Kirkleski, 2b.	3	0	1	
Sarni, 1f.	4	2	0	0
O'Reilly, 3b.	5	2	1	5
McGarvey, r.f.	3	0	0	0
Purcell, r.f.	2	1	0	0
Hibbard, p.	3	1	0	3
Total	42	13	24	12

LAFAYETTE	3	0	5	0	1	0	10
GALLAUDET	0	0	0	0	0	1	0

Runs—Krug 2, Scarvie, Roberts, Zieski, Bell 2, Grube, Thompson 2, Kirkleski, Sarni, O'Reilly, Purcell, Hibbard. Errors—Dyer, Hokanson, Roberts, Zieski, Cosgrove, Grube 2, Thompson, Sarni, O'Reilly. Two-base hits—Rose, Bell, O'Reilly. Home runs—Grube, Purcell. Stolen base—Bell, Grube, Roberts. Left on bases—Gallaudet, 6; Lafayette, 9. First base on balls—Off Hokanson, 3; off Roberts, 5; off Hibbard, 2. Hits—Off Hokanson, 8 in 3 innings; off Roberts, 5 in 5 innings. Hit by pitched ball—By Roberts, (Grube); by Hibbard, (King). Struck out—By Hokanson, 3; by Hibbard, 5; by Hibbard, 8. Passed ball—Rose, Los Angeles pitcher—Hokanson.

The students were very much interested in Luigi Zanda's account of the remarkable Socialist school she is running at Pine Mountain, Kentucky. This school is entirely self-supporting, the food and raiment provided for the students being made by themselves. Uncle William Creek, a pioneer mountaineer, started out with 200 acres bought on the instalment plan and finished with 200 acres, having given away nearly 2000 acres to his nine children. When Miss Luigi Zanda broached the subject of education to Uncle William, he accepted it with all enthusiasm, fully realizing the sad educational plight his children and neighbors were in, and readily gave his remaining 200 acres to that school. Starting out with 45 cents, Zanda started that school with hard-working pupils boarding and tilling their way through school.

The four days of camp came and went with astonishing rapidity, yet upon retrospect they were surely packed to their utmost capacity with events, forlorn and amusing, routine and ridiculous, all-absorbing and detestable. A marked feature of the week's stay at Great Falls was the profound impression it made on the Preps. They were rarely found at camp save at meal times; they were sure to be bounding from crag to crag like Rocky Mountain goats, stopping only to take in the wonders of God's works; they would sit, gazing in rapt admiration at the onrushing torrent swirling wickedly under them. The upper classmen having passed through stage were content to go hiking, canoeing, swimming and fishing.

Speaking of fishing, wherever one went, he was sure to find a Gallaudetian sitting on a bank with his eyes riveted to his bob floating about in the water and hoping with all his heart for at least a nibble. Ye scribe swears it isn't a fish story when he claims that there were many more fish caught this year than last year. Rarely was there a day in which not a fish was brought back to camp.

During the day brawn was in complete possession of the student body, but at night gray matter had its inning in the way of fiercely contested card games at the station and yarns told in the light of the cheery campfire.

BALTIMORE

It's over and you missed something if you did not attend the Thirteenth Anniversary Social of Baltimore Division No 47 last Saturday. The affair was successfully engineered by Bro. Foxwell and his aides, Bros. Feast and Fielder. The attendance numbered well over one hundred eighty, and was honored by the presence of Mr. Ignatius Bjorlee and a large influx of frats and friends from Frederick, Washington, D. C., Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania and New York. To the writer's knowledge, it was one of the most successful and largest attended affairs of the deaf in this city for good many years.

The social was opened with a few remarks of welcome by President Sandebeck, followed by an interesting program.

Mrs. August Wriede rendered "The Star Spangled Banner" in graceful and forceful signs.

The history of Baltimore Div. No. 47 was outlined by Mr. Orlando Price, one of the charter members.

Miss Ruth Leitch, of Washington, D.C., gave a clever impersonation of Little Orphant Annie.

Near the speakers' stand was a table graced with a large cake decorated with thirteen candles, made and presented by Mrs. Feast. Gee, my mouth watered for a chunk of that cake, but alas! the cake was later presented to Mr. Bjorlee.

Sandwiches and cake were served, followed by a drawing for cash prizes.

The five-dollar prize went to Mr. William Smith, the three-dollar prize to Mr. Lewis and the two-dollar prize to a hearing person.

Now that all has been said and done, I doff my hat to Bro. Foxwell and the committee.

Before a fair-sized crowd of deaf at the Baptist Church last Wednesday, Rev. Bryant, of Washington depicted many humorous and interesting chapters of his boyhood days in a lecture, entitled "Believe it or not."

Mr. William Duvall, Jr., is now working in the printing department of the B. and O. R. R. Co., after selling out his partnership in the printing business to Mr. James Foxwell. Mr. Duvall is not working in Washington, as was rumored.

Last Monday the writer and Mr. Rozelle McCall went on an early morning fishing trip in Middle River, a branch of the Patapsco near Baltimore, and brought home four big species of the perch family.

The Misses Ellen Peake and Marie Dietz spent the weekend at Great Falls, near Washington, D.C., mingling with friends at the Gallaudet spring camp.

MAY-TIME DANCE

given by the

NEWARK SCHOOL OF THE DEAF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.**Saturday, May 7, 1927**

8:00 P.M.

at the

BRUCE ST. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM**Admission - - - 50c****BAZAAR and FAIR**Jersey City Division No. 91
N. F. S. D.

AT

HEYE'S HALL

Take Bergen Ave. car to Fairmount Ave., Jersey City

Saturday, April 30, 1927**Strawberry Festival**

Auspices of

Bronx Division No. 92

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

CONVENTION FUND**SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 11, 1927**

AT

PARK & TILFORD BUILDING310 Lenox Ave. near 125 St.
New York City**TICKET - - - 50 Cents**

Refreshments

SECOND ANNUAL**MARDI GRAS**

Auspices of

THE V. B. G. A.

To be held on

Saturday Evening, April 30, 1927

AT

AUDUBON HALL

Bet. 165 and 166 Streets. Entrance on St. Nicholas Ave.

Two Blocks from 168th Street Broadway Subway.

Admission - - One dollar

Cash Prize for the Best Impersonation of a Movie Star.

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Information gladly furnished on their records of earnings.

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Manhattan Division No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, first Monday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New York.

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The value of Life Insurance is the best protection in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Vasa Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, every first Monday of the month. If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert Lazar, 644 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Inc.
Room 403—117 West 46th St., New York

OBJECTS—to unite all deaf people of the Jewish faith; to promote their religious, social and intellectual advancement and to give aid in time of need. Meets on third Sunday of each month. Room open Wednesday and Friday nights, and Sunday, all day. Sol Garson, President; Alfred Ederheimer, Secretary, 117 West 46th St., New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.
143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Second Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Marcus L. Kenner President; Anthony Capelle, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister. Prof. J. A. Kennedy, Assistant.Service and Sermon every Sunday 3 P.M.
Congregational Church at 845 S. Hope St.
Fellowship meeting every Wednesday 8 P.M.
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A hearty welcome to all the deaf.**Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf.**
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Open Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays. Michigan Cars pass the doors.
Membership open to Frats only. Visitors always welcome.
Headquarters for Frats stopping in the city on the way to Denver.**PAS-A-PAS CLUB**
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Don't miss it.**Package Party**

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The LUTHERAN GUILD

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 30, 1927

8:00 P.M.

at

St. Mark's Parish House

Bushwick cor. Jefferson Avenue,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

One block from Myrtle and Bdway station

Admission - - - 25c

More particulars later

C. PETERSON, Chairman

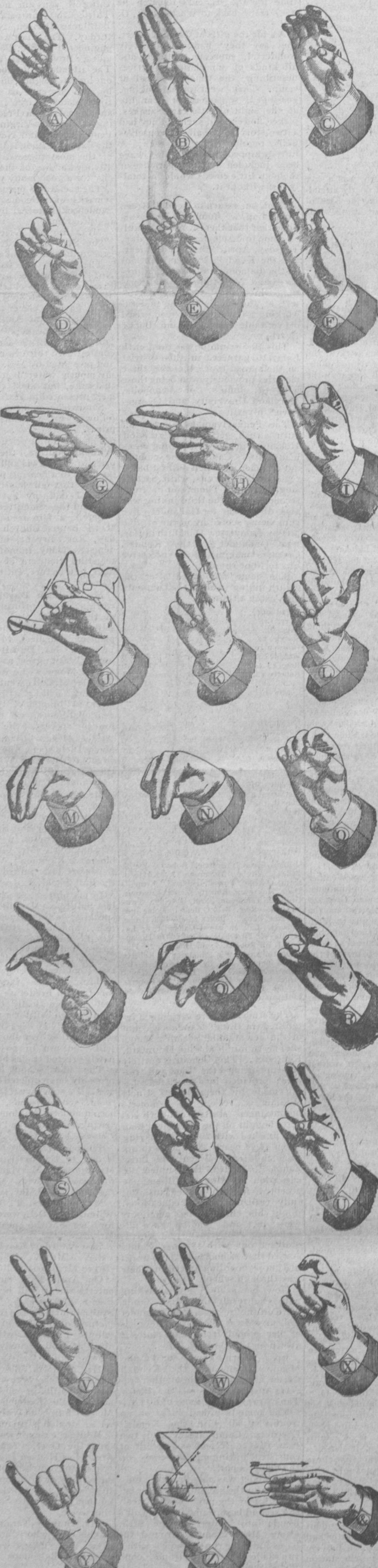
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November 19, 1927

MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87

N. F. S. D.

(Particulars later.)

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Cash prizes will be awarded for the most original and novel costumes.

Saturday Evening, May 14, 1927**Admission** (including wardrobe) \$1.00

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Social and Relief Work

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St. Mark's Society of the Deaf

(Brooklyn Guild)

at

St. Mark's Parish House

230 Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday**April 21, 22, 23, 1927**

Punch and Judy Show

Supper 6 to 8 P.M.

Come and Help a Good Cause

Emma Schnakenberg, Chairman

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FIELD DAY**Fanwood Athletic Association****May 30th, 1927**

PARTICULARS LATER

BIG SURPRISE COMING!**BRONX DIVISION No. 92**

N. F. S. D.

Saturday, July 23, 1927

(Particulars later.)